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1888a

The Old Folks at Home

WHITE and ALLEN

NEW YORK and LONDON

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THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

ILLUSTRATED BY

G. W. BRENNEMAN.

Stephen Collins Foster

New York and London.
WHITE and ALLEN.

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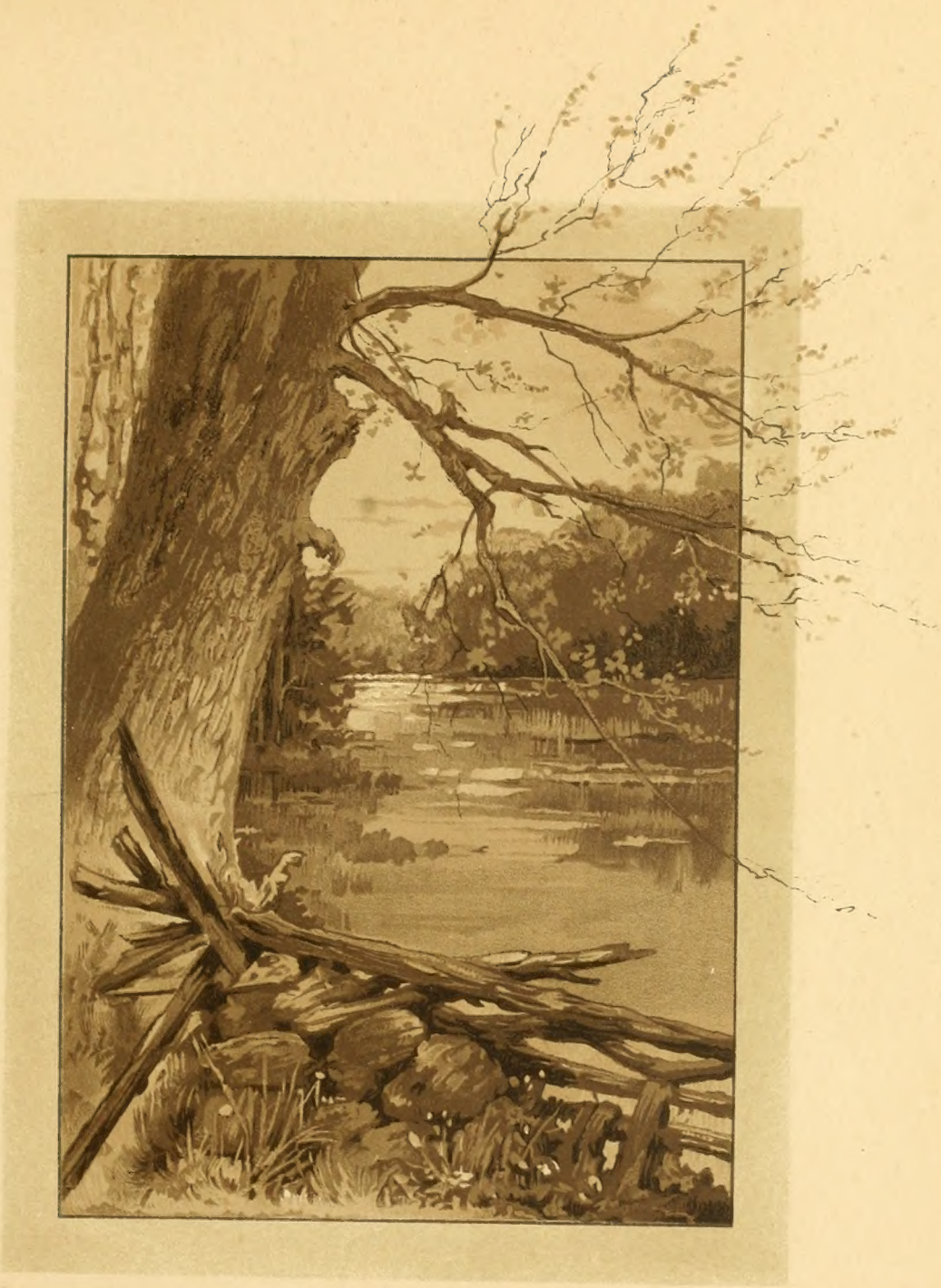
Way down upon de
Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart
is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks
stay.



All up and down de whole
creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old
plantation
And for de old folks
at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam.

Oh! darkeys
how
my heart grows
weary.
Far from de old
folks at home.

round de little farm

I wandered.

When I was young,

On many happy days

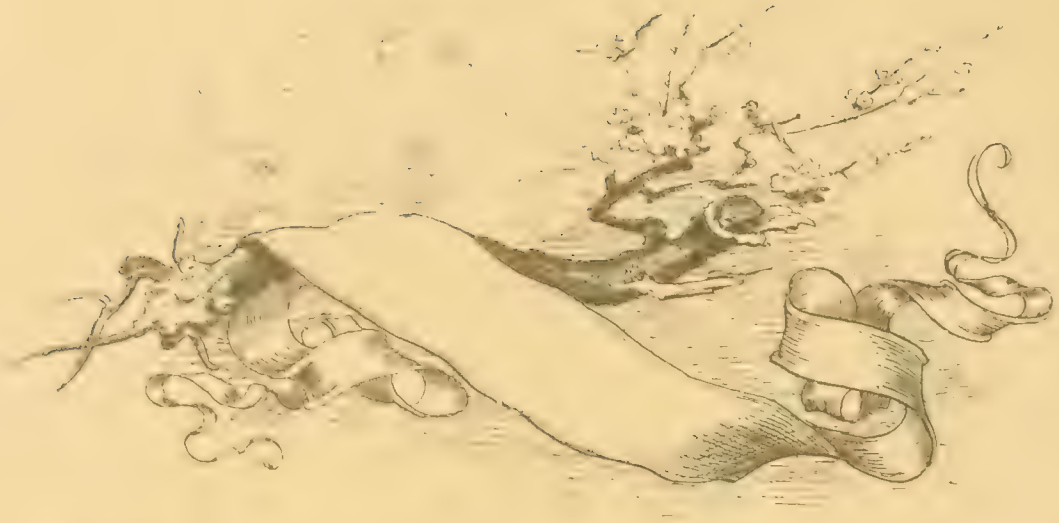
I squandered

Many de sons I sung

When I was playing with
my brudder,
Happy was I,

Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,

Dere let me live and die.



One little hut among de
bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memiry
rushes,
No matter where I rove.

When will I hear de

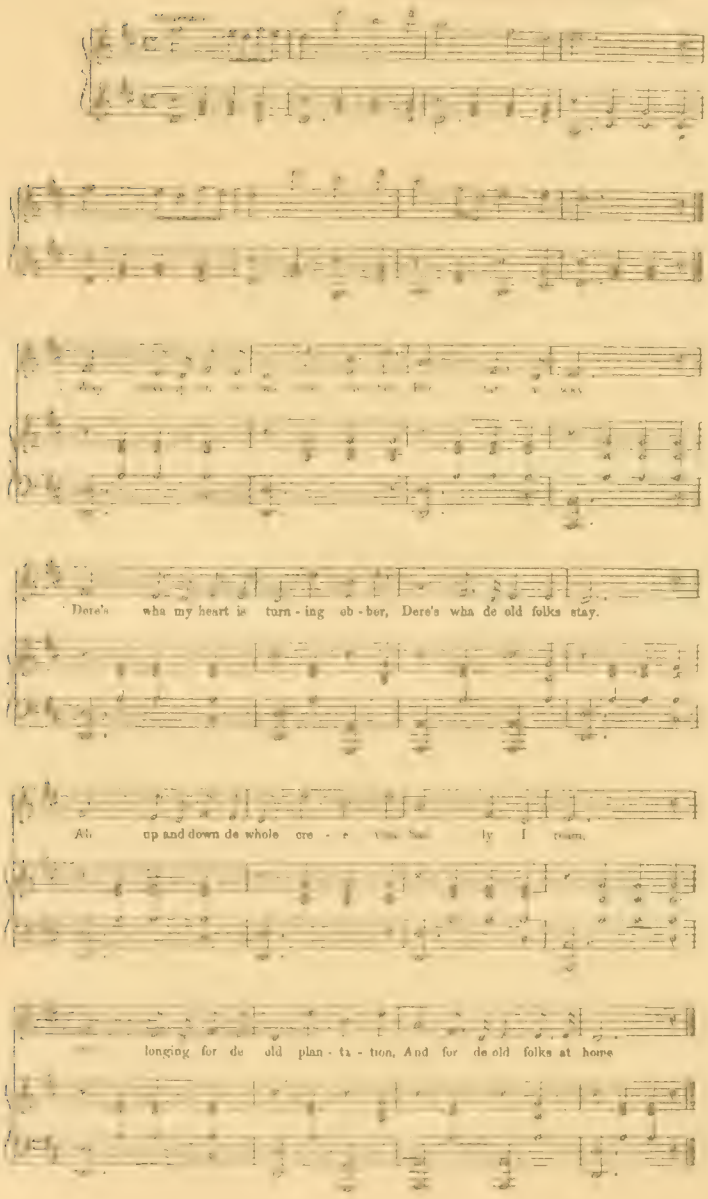
banjo tumming,

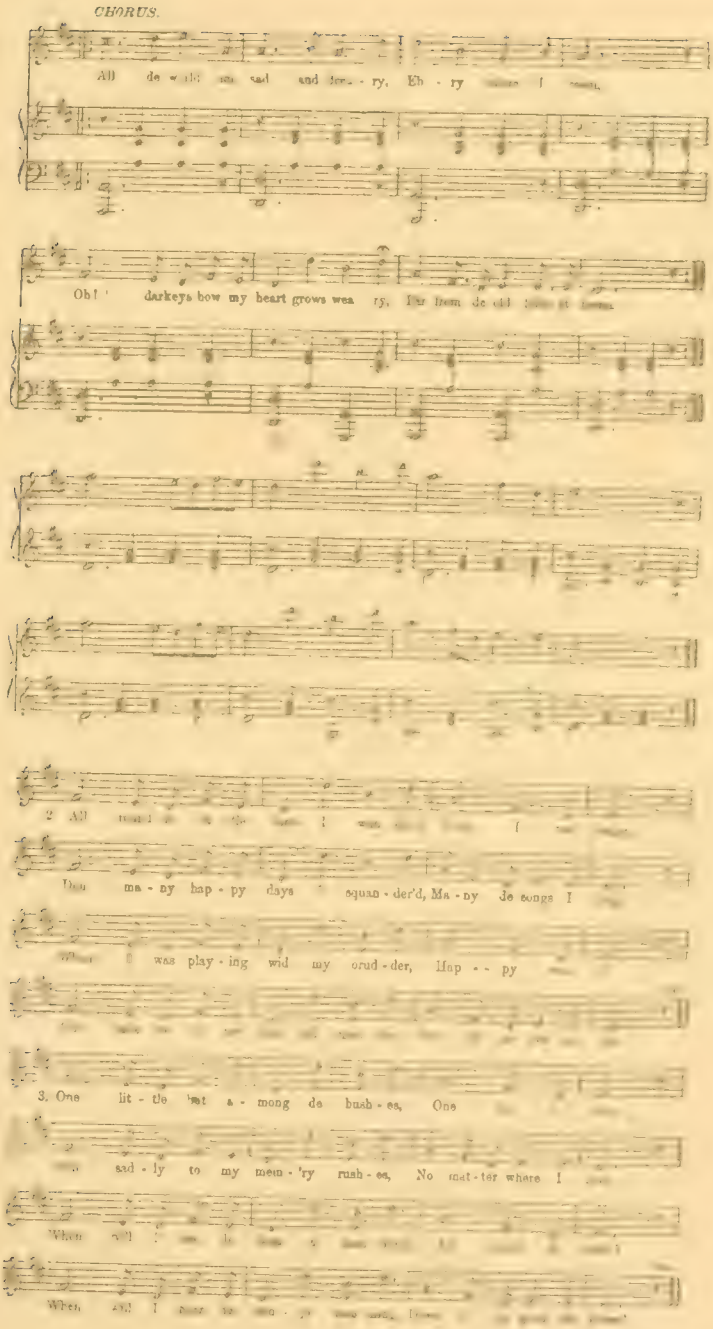
Down in my good old

home?

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Written and Composed by S. C. FOSTER.


Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ob - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole cre - e
ly I roam.
longing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home


CHORUS.
All de w'ile I am sad and dre - ry, Eb - ry
Oh! darkeys how my heart grows wea ry, Far from de old
2 All
Dan ma - ny hap - py days squan - der'd, Ma - ny de songs I
when I was play - ing wid my orud - der, Hap - - py
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One
sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I
When
When

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